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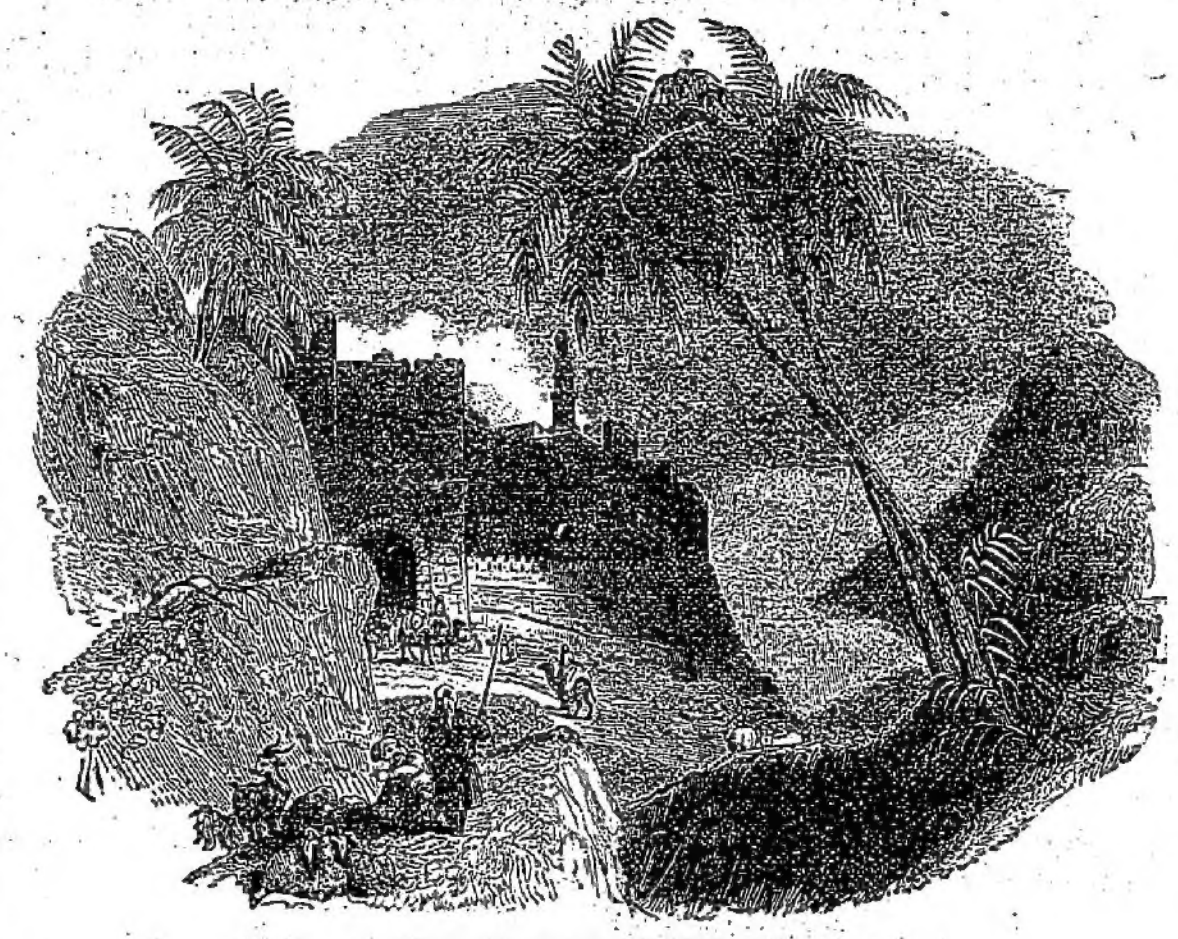
JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem is the holy city of Jews and Christians and the third holy city of the Mohammedans, ranking next to Mecca and Medina. In 1872 its ordinary population numbered 20,900, of whom 10,600 were Jews, 5,300 Christians and 5,000 Moslems, but each year during Easter about 5,000 pilgrims crowd into the city rendering its streets almost impassable. These streets, however, according to Western views, hardly deserve the name, being narrow, winding, dirty and badly paved. The principal and broadest street is but about 15 feet broad and some are only 5 or 6 feet. The houses are usually two or three stories high, built of heavy masonry, with plain front and few or no windows in the lower stories, and doors so low that a person must stoop on entering thus making the appearance of the streets the more dismal. But the upper rooms usually are lofty and well ventilated, and receive their light from interior courts which, in the large houses, form cool and agreeable promenades and sometimes are turned into gardens where the inhabitants spend their leisure time. The roofs are terraced or rise in domes. Some of the houses are three or four hundred years old.



HILLS AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, although the name signifies "possession of peace," has had a history of war. Its record is one of bloodshed from the time David stormed the fortress of the Jebusites, Zion, and made it the capital of his kingdom, to the crucifixion of our Saviour and subsequent massacres of the unfortunate people. Four hundred years before King David's conquest it had been taken and burnt by the Hebrews on the conquest of Canaan and it is said to have been the Jebus or Salem whose king was Melchizedek who brought Abraham bread and wine on his return from the slaughter of the kings who had made his nephew Lot prisoner.

At the present time Jerusalem is in possession of the Turks and the grand mosque *Kubbet es-Sakhra*, "Dome of the Rock," stands a part of the site supposed to have been occupied by Solomon's Temple. The present walls were built by the Turkish Sultan, Solyman the Magnificent, in 1536-9. At the bottom they are 15 feet thick and vary in height with the inequalities of the ground from 25 to 70 feet. Their total circuit is about two miles and a half. At present there are five gates that are open. One gate called "The Golden Gate" has been walled up with solid masonry and a tower erected against it where a Mohammedan soldier is constantly on guard, the Turks having a tradition that some day the Christians will enter by this gate and possess the city. The Jews however, show signs that they will again possess it for it is estimated that each year from 1200 to 1500 are returning there to live, coming principally from Poland and Russia.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

PRAYING AND LIVING.

Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.—JOHN 9:31.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.—Ps. 66:18.

Ever labor to live suitably to thy prayers. It is to no purpose to begin the day with God and then spend it with the devil; to be a saint in the morning in thy closet, and then a sinner all day in the world.

Having prayed against sin, be sure you watch against it, avoiding the occasions and temptations thereto; for otherwise you will fall before it. Having prayed for holiness of life, labor to live holily. Having prayed for humility, labor to walk humbly. Having prayed for sobriety and temperance, labor to live soberly and temperately. Having prayed in the spirit, labor to walk in the spirit. Ever bear in mind that to pray for one thing and live for another, is a contradiction and an impiety. The whole course of one's life should savor of one's prayers. He who hath all his religion in his prayers, hath no religion at all.

NOTHING TO PAY.

An Irish nobleman noted for his ostentatious benevolence was once visited by a clergyman, Rev. C. J. Latrobe, and took great pride in showing him about his estate and charitable institutions. Pointing to an elegant church that his money had built, "There, sir," said he, "do you not think that will merit heaven?"

"Pray, my lord, what may your estate be worth per year?"

"I should say about fourteen thousand pounds."

"And do you think," said the minister, "that God would sell heaven for fourteen thousand pounds?"

NOT AFRAID.

There is always love enough in the spirit of prayer to give us boldness anywhere where Christ is. Three Japanese ambassadors (sent to the United States some years ago) were all converted to "the truth as it is in Jesus." While staying with a Christian minister, to study more thoroughly the doctrines of their new faith, they were one day engaged upon the "Apostles Creed," and reached the words "He shall come to judge the quick and the dead." As soon as they comprehended the full import of the words they all stopped astonished and agitated. One arose and paced the floor, wringing his hands; another stood as if suddenly struck dumb. The third, who had leaned forward and covered his face with his hands, finally raised his head and said "Oh, how alarmed I should have been if I had known that before I loved him!"—*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

IN YOUTH, it is comparatively easy to modify the manners, and to learn to act and speak gracefully; in later years, it is far more difficult; sometimes, almost impossible.

AUBURT GALLIOH QUE

Temperance Department.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER.

Some years ago, before the Charing Cross railway terminus was built, there used to be in Scotland Yard a tavern that was a house of call for coalheavers. Near this place a widow rented a front room, and by making gimp trimmings maintained herself and a sick child, who was well enough to help her mother to knot the fringes that gained their bread. But often she watched the coal-heavers as they went in and out of the public-house. It was not a pleasant sight to little Jane. She had once been a Sabbath scholar, and had learned two important things—that God is angry with the wicked every day, and yet that He sent His only begotten Son, Christ Jesus, into the world, that the wicked might not perish, but through trusting in Him might have pardon here, and hereafter everlasting life. At that time Mrs. Davis had been advised to take Jane as an out-patient to Westminster Hospital, and she borrowed a child's hand-carriage to draw her there.

One sultry summer afternoon, just as she turned out of Parliament street to go home, a wheel came off the little old waggon, and the mother was at her wits' end to know how she should manage to get her home. Just then there came by a man in whose coal-heaver's hat was a bit of geranium and a sprig of southern-wood. "Why, missus," he said, "cheer up, this spill might a-been worse. I'll carry the little maid. Don't be afeared, my dear, I've got a baby of my own at home. I won't hurt ye," and so he lifted the sick child tenderly in his strong arms, and walked by the side of the poor mother as she managed to drag the useless vehicle home. He laid little Jane on her couch by the window, saying, "Be you the little maid as I've seen a-looking out of the winder?—why, to be sure, I thought I know'd you." The mother and child joined to thank him, and away he went; but in going, as he saw the child look at the flowers in his hat, he took out the two sprigs, and gave them to her.

The sprigs of geranium and the southern-wood were put into water, and in due time planted. Little Jane had great pleasure in watching their growth, for they both took root under her care. For some time Jane got better, but when the winter came she declined, and the kind doctor at the hospital could do no more for her.

The winter passed, and the spring brought new life to the earth. Once more little Jane's couch was taken to the window, and her plants were put outside. She looked out on the first warm day for Dick the coal-heaver.

"Mother, I should like to show him what care I have taken of his gift, and how the slips have grown into fine plants."

That day as she looked she saw Dick with some companions, and they had been drinking, and Mrs. Davis shut down her window, so that Jane might not hear their words. The child was sad, but she mentioned Dick's name in her simple prayer that night.

Two days after that, as Jane looked out of the window, Dick passed very close and quite alone.

Jane could not raise herself to lean out, but her mother went out to him and said—

"Will you please step up and see my little girl?"

Accepting the invitation, Dick entered the house. Mrs. Davis said, "Jane is no better, and she wants to speak to you." Dick at once walked across the room to the side of the child's couch. With a bright smile little Jane said—

"Look at the flowers you gave me, Mr. Dick."

"The flowers I give you?" said Dick in great surprise.

"Yes, I planted the two little bits that you gave me that day when you were so kind as to carry me home, Mr. Dick. I would like to give them to you to take home."

"Them fine flowers!" exclaimed Dick, looking at the bright scarlet blooms coming gaily out on the geranium. "I've three young'uns at home, but I can't say as I ever took 'em a plant. Mine, I'm a-thinking, wouldn't care for them only to tear 'em to bits, and I can't exactly afford money for flowers."

"Can't you? why, they're not so dear to buy as"—the child stopped; she was about to add, "as beer," but felt afraid of offending.

"Don't be afeared to speak out; 'not so dear as the drink,' you means. Ah, well I knows that," said Dick.

"Nothing is so dear as strong drink," said Mrs. Davis. "It costs money, and time, and comfort, and health, and salva——;" she paused on the word, but the child finished it—"salvation."

"Come, that's going it a bit too far," murmured Dick.

"It's the Bible says, 'Nor drunkards . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God,'" whispered little Jane, her voice failing and a great pallor spreading over her face.

"You are tired my dear?" said the mother.

"Yes. But I'm glad I have seen you and thanked you for the flowers," she added to Dick, who took her hand in his big grasp, and, unable to speak, went on his way.

Dick did not go into the public-house, and as he was returning to his home he passed a barrow with flowers for sale, and with the price of a few pots of beer he bought two plants in bloom, and took them home.

From the very first those flowers were blessings, for Dick in his rough way told his wife and his children about little Jane, adding to his story, "And the kind little maid lies a-dying."

It was too true—little Jane's hours were numbered. The child, two nights after she had thanked Dick for the flowers, suddenly sat up and said quite cheerfully, "Mother, dear, I am better; I think I shall perhaps be able to go to grandfather's. Her breath was catching as she spoke, and as her mother gently laid her down and kissed her, Jane closed her eyes as if in sleep—it was the solemn stillness of death.

Poor widowed mother! weeping over her only child! how could she have borne her grief but for the sweet assurance that her darling had been gathered by a loving, pitying Saviour into the heavenly garner.

Little Jane's wish to give the plants was faithfully remembered, and fulfilled by her mother. She took a little slip off the cherished geranium to rear as a memorial of her child, and then took both to the children of her humble friend Dick. He was at first very unwilling to deprive her of them, but, remembering the child's words, he took them gratefully, and from that time, by God's blessing he was a changed man.

The year after Dick took the flowers to his home, a relation at the gold diggings sent home word that if Dick could get a minister of the Gospel to sign a certificate that he was a strictly sober man, there was money ready to be advanced to take him and his family out to Australia; and Dick could get plenty of testimonials now that he had as he said, "given the drink the go-by." Ever since he and his learned to love flowers, they have learned to love Him who made the flowers, and loving Him they learned to hate evil.—*Clara Lucas Balfour.*

A STAFFORDSHIRE FREEHOLDER.

I was standing one day in July of last year, talking to an upholsterer, in Worcester Street, Birmingham, when a covered waggon that was being driven down the street suddenly stopped, and the driver came up to me, and politely said, "My best respects to you sir; is not your name the Rev. James Downes? Were you not some years ago doing duty in Walsall?"

"Yes, but it was some twenty-eight years ago."

"I thought I was not wrong, sir, although you do not recognize me. I was in your class in the Sunday-school. You frequently used to give books to the boys, most of which are now read by my children. Do you recollect, sir, giving to some of those you considered the best boys in the class some money prizes of 5s. or 10s. each, one Christmas?"

"It is very likely, for I always liked to encourage young folks in such duties;"

"But do you remember, sir, telling us that, as the prizes were our own, earned, as you said, by our own good conduct, what a nice thing it would be to put them in the Savings' Bank, of which you were then one of the managers, as the commencement of future provident habits?"

"Perhaps I might; for I have always been an advocate for young people putting by something against a rainy day."

"Well, sir, I always wished to follow out your advice for our good; and I went to the Savings' Bank to deposit my mite, and felt not a little pleased as I walked out of the room with my bank-book. Many a time have I been astonished what that first small sum did for me. It increased and increased, year after year, with my fresh deposits, until it amounted to the incredible sum of £200! Then the directors told me one day that they could take no more. I then consulted a friend what I had better do with it; and found that there was a plot of land to be sold, with a neat well-built cottage upon it. So, after due precaution and enquiries, I purchased it, sir, and am now one of the Freeholders of the County of Stafford."

I told him I was much delighted to hear of his prudent forethought; and said how different was his present position to many a nightly sot, who spent every penny at those detestable beer-houses, leaving wives and children half-clad and half-starved. When he said—

"Please, sir, I have not done yet."

"Go on, my old school-boy; I am delighted to hear of the blessings that have attended your thrift."

"I have let the cottage, sir, to a respectable tenant, who pays his rent regularly every week; and this sum I now deposit in the same Savings' Bank. You always impressed upon us the importance of being steady and industrious, and when we went to service, to endeavor, by diligence and respect to our employers, to keep our situations; and this advice, sir, I think you will own I have pretty well carried out, for I have had but two situations since you left, eight-and-twenty years ago. So you see, sir, if it should please God that anything should happen to cause me to be laid by, I have a little of something in store; and, should I be permitted to live to an old age, I have a home of my own to go to when no longer able to work; and something to leave my family should they survive me. I have always instilled into the minds of my children, sir, that I owe my present position to attending strictly to the advice and counsel of my beloved minister when I was a boy at the Sunday-school."

With a hearty shake of the hand, and a "God speed," I parted with my friend.—*J. Downes, Stonnall Parsonage, near Walsall.*

THE OLD WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit licenses the town should petition from the County Court there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licences for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now?

"In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm.

"And you too, sir, (addressing the parson), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink.

"And now (she said) I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir,—you, doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influences, fill the drunkard's graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound told the result of the old woman's appeal.

WHO BEAR THE BURDEN.

A parallel to the Egyptian slavery—with the advantage on its side, though it was probably worse than the condition of the poor *fellahs* in that country to-day—is the modern servitude of the poor to the liquor traffic. It makes their lives "bitter with hard bondage," and affords the most hateful illustration of the way the idle few live on the suffering and sweat of the many. The true character of this heavy oppression (the worst of which is that its direst victims rather love than hate it!) is forcibly brought out in the following dialogue between a liquor-dealer and the editor of the Ohio *Signal*.

Quoth the rumseller, what "would become of the country if it wasn't for the money paid by the saloons? Ye'd all starve if it wasn't for us liquor men. We pay more taxes'n all 'o ye put together."

The editor replied: "Why, man, your accursed business makes all the paupers, and as to your taxes, a murder case is now going on in your own county, which has already cost two lives, and will cost $5,000 before it is done with. The gallon of whiskey that caused the deviltry paid ninety cents revenue. On which side is the balance of revenue in this case?"

"Well," said the rumseller, "who would pay yer pensions to the soldiers if it wasn't for us? We pay every cent of it in taxes."

With a significant smile he replied—"The boot is on the other foot, my friend. You fellows get nearly all the pension money as soon as it is paid to the poor veterans; and if this country really depended on whiskey revenue for existence, then I should say, God pity the country."

"NEVER WHEN ON DUTY."—Riding over the Pennsylvania Central Railway recently in one of the elegant cars for which this route is celebrated, a young swell came aboard, with carpet-bag in hand, and took a seat near us in the car. He made very free with a "black bottle" which he carried in his bag, and when an employee of the road came along he showed his "hospitality" by offering him a glass of "first-class Bourbon." The conductor shook his head. "Don't you indulge?" asked the whiskey-tempter. "Never when on duty," was the prompt and ready answer. We felt a much greater degree of safety as well as satisfaction after that reply. The tempting of railway employees by a certain class of travellers who carry their bottles with them is a disgraceful practice; and deserves the severest condemnation, and we commend the answer and the practice of this railway official to all others under similiar circumstances.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

EVIL HABITS.—A speaker in Fulton St. Prayer-meeting related the following:—"A poor woman in the north of Ireland experienced a change of heart in a time of revival. She had thus far made a living by selling whiskey, and that without a license. Her business had been illegal before God and man. She realized this and resolved that the change of heart must be followed by a change of life. On reaching her little shanty home, she brought out the huge demijohn in which she kept the poisonous compound, and in her own characteristic way she thus addressed it: 'Now jug, you and I have lived together for a great many years, but the Lord Jesus Christ is coming to live with me now, and you and He cannot get on together, so one of you must go; it must be you.' So saying she took the jug and dashed it to pieces on the stones in her yard. Let us learn to treat our evil habits thus, and God will guide and bless us."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night,
But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.
And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!
I wonder so that mothers ever fret
O'er little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more,
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF CHILDREN.

MRS. KATE TENNATE WOODS.

Many fathers and mothers of the present day can remember a time when children were whipped for mere trifles, and any fanciful creation of the imagination was condemned as untruthful. In fact such was the dread of a whipping that children told untruths to avoid it. "I verily believe," said an elderly woman, now a grandmother, "that we were taught to fib and deceive by being in constant fear, or from being doubted."

"Are you sure you are telling the truth?" asked an unwise parent. Never for one moment permit the child to think you would suspect him, and always teach him that the truth, though against him, will never be met with punishment. Parents thoughtlessly snub and badger little ones when they attempt to tell a story, until in the mental confusion the child forgets where fancy ends and fact begins. A well known and popular writer of fiction says she "was frequently punished for telling stories when she was a child, and she has cried bitterly many a night because the stories would make up and seem so true, and she dared not tell them to any one." A powerful imagination is a great gift, and the parent who trifles with it is in danger of doing serious injury. If we desire children to be exact, we must first be exact ourselves. Parents frequently prevaricate in the presence of their children, and then punish them for doing the same thing. For instance, in the horse-cars a mother does not tell a deliberate falsehood about the child's age when asked, but she does keep back the truth, in order to save half the fare. The keen-witted boy receives in this way a lesson in deception which is never forgotten.

Again, a child brings home some trifle he has found, and no effort is made to ascertain the real owner; the boy at once considers all things his rightful property, and cares nothing whatever for the unfortunate loser. Directness in speech as well as acts should be the custom before children. If the girl and boy are carefully taught the appropriation of such goods is theft, they will use every means to restore them; but this is not the case; people exult over such affairs, and take a positive pleasure in recounting the number of things they have found. Dishonesty, theft and crime are ugly words, but they alone express the outcome of petty vices which are unintentionally creeping into schools and families. The boy who finds a pretty knife, and conceals it, is in a fair way to become a bank robber or defaulter. The girl who takes a yard of lace, which her employer "will never miss," soon finds it easy to take several yards. All these things grow rapidly, as evil ever does. It is not uncommon to hear some one remark—"Why, I cannot see why Mr.—— should turn out so, his father and mother were such good people." Look back to his childhood and you can see. When he was sent to do a simple errand, and a mistake was made in his favor, he was not promptly sent back; if the change was short, complaint was made at once. He was taught to dress well, look well and be polite. Why? Because people would talk about him." The one thing constantly kept before him was, "What will folks say?" Not, do right because it is right, and any wrong is sin; but do right because it is respectable, or, in the cant term of the day, "because it pays." If his father made a little extra money by taking slight advantages of a friend, the boy heard it praised as shrewd, good management, and a bit of luck.

Gradually his entire moral sense was blunted, and when he came to be a man he did not intend to be a thief, he only meant to borrow a little from the bank for present use, which sum he should faithfully return. He borrowed a little more, and a little more, until disgrace and flight was the result. Tracing this to its cause, we find untruthfulness in the home the beginning.

Not long since we heard a patient mother quietly contend for exactness with a little son. He had returned from skating, and related in boyish style and exaggerated manner a near approach to accidental drowning. Knowing his imaginative powers and love of dramatic effect, she begged her guests to excuse her while she had the story repeated three times, each in a different way; then, taking a paper and pencil, she said kindly—"Now, dear, you have a place here for the pond, there is the open space; now you will please point it all out exactly as you saw it, not as it seems to you when you think of it." The result was that the story was told simply and correctly the fourth time, and the boy was complimented for so doing. "You may think me over particular," she said, "but I suffered in my younger days from an over-active imagination, and I want him to understand the difference between fact and fancy."

Another instance of the way in which children are taught to be untruthful will recall to some mothers their own mistakes. "Johnnie, have you been getting on the teams for a ride again, catching on behind, after I told you I would whip you?" said a good but unwise woman. Of course Johnnie, with the fear of the rod before him, said, "No, ma'am;" whereas we had seen him only five minutes before engaged in that dangerous but exciting sport of "catching on behind." It is easier to lie, and avoid a whipping, than to speak the truth and take one. To our thinking the very best ground for parents and children is that of perfect confidence. Only the other day a little fellow dropped and broke a valuable pitcher while going down stairs with a playmate; his consternation was terrible; but the playmate said, hurriedly, "Tell her you slipped, and she won't whip you." Instantly the unfortunate boy drew himself up, saying with dignity—"My mother never whips me for an accident; I was swinging it round, and I will tell her so," which he did, not knowing that the mother's quick ears had heard all.

"I am sorry you were not more careful, dear," was her only comment; "remember, hereafter, that pitchers, made of rare china, are not to be used like base-ball clubs." If children cannot go to their parents with all their trials, doubts, worries, fears and hopes, where can they go? They are the natural protectors, not the stern judges; the loving friends, not the cruel masters. If we would make them truthful, we must teach them to be so by our example as well as precept; and when they err, remember it is far easier to win than drive. A parent that is feared is unnatural, and sure to work ruin with tender young hearts. A parent who is companion, friend and instructor is a prize beyond compare.

Let us encourage our children to tell us the pretty fancies so dear to them, but let us draw the line with a firm hand between fact and fancy.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

PLANTS IN WATER.

For an acorn, a hyacinth glass or a pickle jar is suitable. Choose a fine healthy looking acorn and crochet with moderately coarse cotton a little net-work case just large enough to hold it. Take off the cup and put the acorn, point downward, in this little bag closing it at the top, and make a loop of cotton or chain stitch about two inches long (according to the depth of the bottle), to hang it up by. Cut a narrow piece of wood, of such a size that it will lie across the top of the jar without slipping in, pass it through the loop, and thus hang the acorn point downward in the glass, which must have just so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches it. Keep the bottle in a dark cupboard till the acorn has sprouted and then put it in the light, just as you would a hyacinth, being careful to keep the water always at the same level. This will live a long time if properly managed. An ordinary sweet chestnut can be grown in the same way, and a drop of ammonia in the water once in a while with this latter will prove most stimulating. A potato can be grown just as a hyacinth bulb, and as the little tubers form under the water, it shows in broad day-light the growth and development of this vegetable.

A carrot grown in sand is a highly ornamental object if carefully managed. Choose a good-sized and healthy root which has begun to sprout, if possible. Cut the crown off quite evenly and place it on the top of a pot of sand, covering it so that the leaves look as if they sprang directly from the sand. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout. Be careful to keep it damp and to move it in the light as soon as the leaves appear. This is an ornament pretty enough for any room, looking like a pot of ferns. A turnip, carefully washed and hollowed out, if hung by cords and kept full of water, will soon be covered with fine green foliage, making a pretty little hanging basket.—*Hope Ledyard.*

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—This is always a dainty dish. Make the cake of biscuit dough, with a tablespoonful of sugar added to it; or take one-half cupful of lard and half cupful of butter and cut them into a quart of flour. Wet it up with one egg beaten into a teacupful of sweet milk or water. Beat it together, add a little sugar, and roll out as soft as possible. Divide the dough into four pieces, roll each one out, and bake in jelly cake tins to a light brown. When baked, spread each cake with good butter, and spread over it a thick layer of stewed and sweetened apples. The tartest apples make the nicest shortcake. Pile the layers one upon the other. Scatter white sugar over the upper crust. Place in the oven for seven or eight minutes. Serve hot, with cream beaten to a stiff froth.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of sour milk, with a tablespoonful of melted butter added to it, or one-half sour cream and one-half sour milk; one well beaten egg; a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water. Add flour enough to stir it to a thick batter. Slice a dozen tart apples. Mix with the batter and fry in hot lard, like doughnuts, by the large spoonful. Dip the spoon into the boiling lard, then into the batter, and it will not stick to it. Serve hot for dessert, with maple molasses or sugar sauce.

TWO CUSTARDS.—Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into a saucepan. Stir over a clear fire till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavoring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, strain it once more and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical. For it you must boil a pint of new milk, with a little lemon peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth, a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take a basin of hot milk and mix with the cold, then pour that into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a table-spoonful of peach-water, and any flavoring you please."

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

In double form my first is framed,
In fable and in history;
Great, good and true—small, shy and false;
Solve, if you can this mystery.

My second figures in romance,
In ballad, and in story;
Has lain above the lover's heart,
And grasped the sword of glory.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd" my whole
Exists for beauty only;
It shuns the city's crowded ways,
And springs in hamlets lonely.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

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1, a vegetable; 2, a wayside weed; 3, a tree; 4, a kind of rose; 5, a delicious fruit. The centrals give an eastern country.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead to dispose of for a price, and leave a measure of a yard and a quarter.

To scorch, and leave a vessel in which the ashes of burned dead bodies were anciently put.

Garments worn by men, and leave a kind of grain.

Fragrant ointments, and leave charitable donations.

To ascend, and leave part of a tree.

An article of furniture, and leave what grows on the skins of animals.

CHARADE.

My first is a nickname
For second, I ween;
In whole a retainer
Most surely is seen.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose the letters A E M S T into four different words.

MISSIONARY TOUR IN ASIA MINOR.

The names of eleven places in Asia Minor are hidden in the following—

The anti-ochlocratic party will have their hands full if they try to please Lucius, if he is their vassal. A missive received this noon (not by any means a political pap) hostile to the keeper, gave a note of warning to him to stop. As I diagrammed the Icon I umberated the head too much. The affair you mention occurred between the ports to which the steamer plys; tradition says one of the missionaries was wrecked here. How the person you mentioned escaped is a wonder; be he an imposter or no, his companion Matt, alias Cantio Chase is, and will yet do him much harm.

ODD DIAMOND.

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Read across only.

1, A vowel. 2, Part of a yard. 3, To crawl. 4, To put on floors. 5, A Hindoo priest. 6, A kingdom. 7, Single. 8, A consonant. Centrals, read down, a large animal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JANUARY 1.

Acrostic.—Christmas.
1. Carols.
2. Holly.
3. Ringing.
4. Ice.
5. Snap-dragon.
6. Time.
7. Mistletoe.
8. Afterwards.
9. Sleep.

Riddles.—1, LI votes-violets; 2, caprice.

Charade.—Ho-hen-lin-den.

Jumble.—
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these "it might have been."
WHITTIER.

Positive and Comparative.—
Mast, Master.
Bat, Batter.
But, Butter.
Full, Fuller.
Bet, Better.

Celebrated Namesakes.—1, John called Lackland; 2, John Mandeville; 3, John Wycliffe; 4, John Huss; 5, John Cabot; 6, John Calvin; 7, John Fletcher; 8, John Carver; 9, John Milton; 10, John Bunyan; 11, John Dryden; 12, John Locke; 13, John Wesley; 14, John Andre; 15, John Audubon; 16, John Ericsson; 17, John G. Whittier; 18, John L. Motley; 19, John G. Saxe; 20, John Wilkes Booth.

"MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley."

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?" "Miss Hartley, there *isn't!* is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible, or heard it read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it *was* in the Bible; in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is out of the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end. Then how her naughty little playmates teased her!

At the play-hour, they buzzed around her like so many mosquitos, and giggled, and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said, "I've got a verse for to-morrow that is surely in the Bible; Uncle Ed found it for me: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And girls, in spite of all your teasing, I'm going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of these naughty tongues slipped away, one by one, looking ashamed. It *wasn't* the thing to say so much just about a mistake. —*Children's Paper.*

BE PUNCTUAL.

Capt. Jones was the owner of a fine sailing-boat, and being fond of boys, he arranged one Saturday afternoon to take several of them out on a boating excursion. At the time appointed all of them were there but one, John Gay, a boy who was noted for his want of promptness and punctuality. All the other boys were ready, and anxious at once to enter the boat, but John did not make his appearance. And they urged Capt. Jones to go immediately.

"Hadn't you better wait for John Gay," asked the captain, "so he won't be left?"

"How long have we waited already?" said Edwin Ross.

"Nearly half an hour," said another, "and I would not wait any longer."

"No," said Will Leslie, who was a leader of the boys, "I would not wait any longer. There's no use waiting for John; he never was ready in season for anything. He's late at his breakfast, late at dinner, late in going to bed, and late in getting up. All his mother can do never gets him started for school in season. If he is sent anywhere, he never goes in time. He was going to his uncle's last week by the railway, but was so late in going to the train that he was left behind. He's always late, and I'm not for being bothered for him any more. Come along."

THE CHINESE BABY.

And the boys did come, and the captain with them. And in about fifteen minutes afterward down came John to the place of meeting, in a great hurry, and was greatly disappointed to find they had all gone. "Dear me!" he said, "it's too bad. I do think it's *too* bad that no one will ever wait for me."

There are too many people like John Gay. They lose in both pleasures and privileges by not being punctual. Washington once said to his secretary, who was behind time at an appointment, and who said that his watch was not right, "You must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." And at a committee meeting, where one of his eight members was fifteen minutes behind the appointed time, a sensible Quaker said, "Friend, I am sorry thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but what is worse, thee has wasted the time of every one of us seven—in all two hours; and this thee had no right to do."

Begin early to be punctual in everything, and soon you will form the habit of punctuality, and this will be of benefit to yourself and of comfort to others as long as you live. Be prompt in obeying your parents, in learning your lessons, in going to school and to church and to Sunday-school; prompt and punctual in doing whatever you have to do, and it will aid you to success in everything. "How can you accomplish so much as you do?" said a friend to one of the most enterprising and successful business men in a large city. "By having a time and place for everything," was the answer, "and doing everything promptly at its time."

Let every young person learn this lesson and act upon it, and you will be astonished to see how much you can accomplish, and how surely you will gain the confidence of others. —*Child's Paper.*

WHERE IS IT?

"Walter," said a sick father to his little boy one day, "be sure to drop this letter in the office on your way to school. I have no one else to send with it, and it must go by this mail."

"Yes, papa," said Walter, as he ran off. His mind was so full of other things, that he forgot the letter until he went up into his father's room again just before dinner time.

"Oh, papa, I forgot your letter. I'll run off now to the office," he said, getting ready to leave the room.

"I am so sorry," said his father. "It was very important that it should go by that mail. You have made a great deal of trouble and expense for me and others by neglecting it."

"I am sorry," began Walter.

"I will forgive you," said his father, "but do be more careful another time."

Walter ran to the office and then sat down to his dinner.

"Mamma, did you save the fruit for me I was not well enough to eat yesterday?" he asked, when he had satisfied his hunger.

"I gave it to Ellen to put away for you. Get it for Walter, dear," his mother said, turning to her little daughter.

"Oh, mamma, I forgot," said Ellen, half crying. "I left it on the table, and——"

"And sure I thought it was for *meself*," said Bridget, "and I ate it up."

"You *ought* to have remembered it," said Walter angrily to his sister. "If you cared anything for me you would have done so. I'll never do anything for you again."

"Oh, Walter," said his mother sadly, as Ellen ran out of the room crying, "you remind me——"

But I think I will not tell you, my little friends, of what Walter's mother was reminded. It was of one of the parables of our Saviour. Please see if you can find it out for yourselves, and *all by yourselves*, if possible. *If necessary*, your mothers can tell you in what book we read it. I am glad I did not finish the story, as I meant to, because I want you to search the Scriptures as much as possible.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE CHINESE BABY.

This baby seems to be enjoying himself in his peculiar looking cradle made of thickly twisted straw. He is standing on a brazier containing heated charcoal to keep himself warm and playing with a string of beads, just as any baby in this country delights to do.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

"Harry, Mary, Elsie and Theodore had come down for their Sunday afternoon "lessons" with mamma. First they each said the books of the Bible, which they were required to repeat every Sunday.

They knew them pretty correctly, except that Elsie and Theodore were apt to put some of the Epistles in the wrong order. Then came their hymns, and, this "hard work" being over, they all settled themselves with great content to be read to. The elder ones chose for themselves those chairs they considered most comfortable, while Theodore lay on the rug with his head on a cushion, as the best position he could find for giving full attention to the reading.

The call of the apostles (*Matt.* iv. 18-22) came in the course of the lesson: "They straightway left their nets, and followed Him." "They immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."

"Was it right to leave their father?" asked Mary.

"Yes, dear, it must have been right, and we have no reason to think the father had no one left to help him. Christ called certain men to be His companions, and to be witnesses to the world of His mighty works. Perhaps we may not quite understand all that the calling of the apostles means, but there is a lesson in this passage for every one of us. Perhaps you do not see how we can leave our nets to follow Jesus, but I think I do."

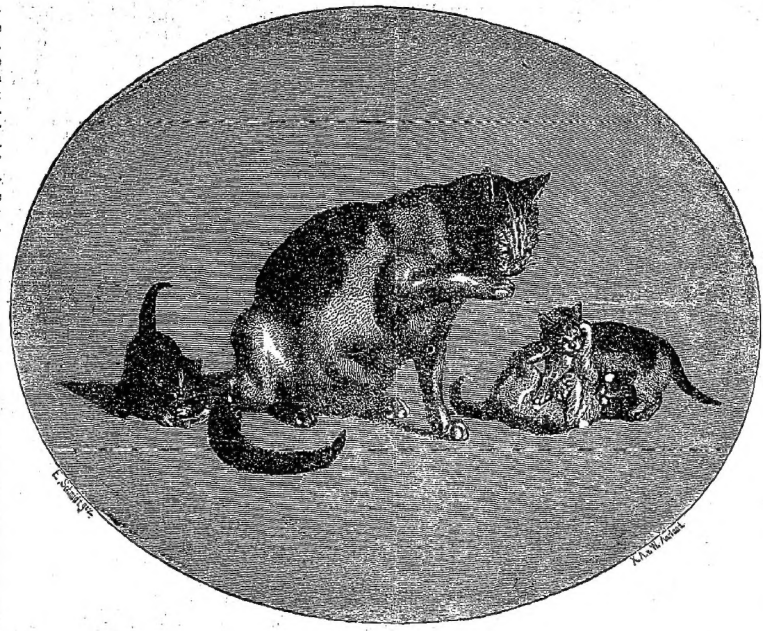
"How, mother?"

"Well, what was it Peter and Andrew did? They left what they wanted to do, to do what the Lord Jesus wanted them to do. Now we can all do that; you, dear children, and mother too. This afternoon, for instance, perhaps mother was tired, and would rather have read her book than given you your lessons; but the Bible tells her to teach her children out of God's Word, and she feels bound to do it. Sometimes the children are told to do things they would much rather not do, but the Bible says, 'Children, obey your parents,' and if they do it cheerfully for His sake, because He tells them, then they are doing what pleases Him for them to do, as much as if it were some great thing."

A smile went round the little faces, and Theodore said, "Yes, I see; for instance, we are very happy playing in the playroom, and nurse says we have to come for a walk. That is a little like it."

"Yes, dears, and it may be that *some day the Lord Jesus may tell* you to do more than these little things to please Him. He may say to you that He wants you to be missionaries for Him, and really leave all for Him; but now every day when we leave off doing something that we enjoy, or do something we dislike because we believe the Lord Jesus wishes it, we may think of the apostles leaving their nets, and remember that the Bible tells us that every little tiny thing may be done to the glory of God, 'whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do.'"

"I think being a missionary is most like it," said Harry.—*Word and Work.*



THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

"The happiest child I ever saw," says an English clergyman, "was a little girl I once met when travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going up to London, and we travelled a good many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind; had never been able to see at all. She had never once beheld the bright sun, the twinkling stars, the beautiful sky, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the birds, or any of those pleasant things which we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy.

"She was all by herself, poor little thing. There was neither father nor mother, relative nor friend, to be with her and take care of her on her journey, and yet she was contented and happy.

"'Tell me,' she said on getting into the carriage, 'how many people are in this carriage, for I am blind, and can't see anything.' A gentleman asked her 'if she was not afraid?' 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have travelled before. I trust in God, and know that He will take care of me.'"

"But I soon found out why she was so happy. It was because she loved Jesus. I began to talk with her about the Bible, and I was surprised to find how much she knew about it. She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit; but how it was to be seen everywhere now!

"Then she talked about Jesus. She told me of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane; of His sweating great drops of blood; of the soldiers nailing Him to the cross; of the spear piercing His side, and the blood and water coming out. 'Oh,' she said, 'how very good it was of Him to die for us; and such a cruel death!"

"I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus; but the chapters she most loved to hear were the last two chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a pocket Bible with me, so I took it out and read those chapters to her as we went along."

"When I had done she began to talk about heaven. 'Only think,' she said, 'how nice it will be to be there! *There* will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then the Lord Jesus will be there; for it says, the Lamb is the light thereof; and we shall always be with Him. There will be no night there. But best of all, there will be no blind people in heaven. *I shall see Jesus* there, and all the beautiful things in heaven; won't that be glorious?"

Now think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking such pleasure in talking about Jesus. Think of the joy she felt in hearing the account of heaven, where there is no sorrow or night. If belonging to Jesus could make a poor blind child like this so happy, then the family made up of those who know and love Him must be a happy family.—*Selected.*

SOME SABBATH-KEEPING BIRDS.—At a young ladies' school near Bristol, England, it is customary for the pupils, on week days, to eat their noon luncheon on the playgrounds. The sparrows soon found out that crumbs were dropped on the ground, and they would gather in large numbers, just before twelve, wait till the girls had eaten their lunch and then scramble for their own feast. On Sundays, the pupils went to church and dined indoors, a fact which the sparrows quickly learned, and so they never came on that day. They seemed to have some way of giving this information to each other, and also of notifying when noon was drawing near.—*Congregationalist.*

MEN IN RESPONSIBLE SITUATIONS cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington.*

The Family Circle.

TRADITION OF THE VAUDOIS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"Oh, lady fair! these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view
His silks and glittering pearls,
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair! I have yet a gem,
Which purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Her clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went on his way—
But the gem he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are bound
In the perfect love of God!

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO SISTERS.

Mr. Curtis was absent from home nearly a fortnight, and Mrs. Curtis was much exercised in her mind as to the cause of this lengthened delay in her husband's return. Nothing had been said in his home letters, but she had a dim foreboding that her brother-in-law's affairs were in some confusion, and she was in fear lest her husband should burden himself with any responsibility concerning the widow and two orphan girls.

"I wish he would come home or explain just how matters are, and then I should know what to do," she said irritably, when talking to her sister one day.

"Well, my dear, if things are as you fear, depend upon it, John will undertake to educate the two girls," said Miss West, settling herself back in the rocking-chair.

"Nonsense, Maria; he would never be so foolish, with our children to educate, too. Besides they are both older than Milly now—old enough to leave school."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. It is not often I am wrong," remarked Miss West, and in this she was correct. Her shrewdness gave her a wonderful insight into most things, and had helped to foster the ascendency she certainly exercised over her more indolent, though elder, sister.

"Now, my dear, suppose my surmise is correct," began Miss West, after a pause, "what do you mean to do?"

"Do! Why I won't allow him to throw his money away upon strangers. I tell you, Maria, for all we seem so wealthy, I have enough to do to make ends meet sometimes."

"But you see the difficulty is, these two girls are not strangers, but your nieces, and I think I have heard John say he was under obligation to this brother."

Mrs. Curtis winced. "I'm sure I don't know anything about it," she said.

"Well, you may forget, but John won't; and so you may prepare yourself to receive these girls."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Why, I should not be surprised if John brought them along with him to send them to school with Milly."

"But we couldn't afford it, I tell you."

"John won't think much of that, I fancy. But now suppose they do come, what do you mean to do?"

"Well, I can't turn them out, can I? What do you mean, Maria?"

"Well, this. You want Milly to go back with Augusta Crane—I think it is such a chance as should not be neglected—but you are afraid John will object through the old prejudice against convent schools. Now, you propose that the three girls should go together. It will be an immense saving; the girls will be well educated at the cost of only a few dollars; and if these nieces of yours have any taste for music they might be trained for music teachers, and so be put in the way of earning a very genteel livelihood for themselves by and by."

"Maria, how clever you are!" exclaimed her sister. "I should never have thought of such a plan."

The shrewd lady was not far out in her surmises concerning Mr. Curtis, and what he proposed doing for his orphan nieces; but she would have laughed could she have known the trepidation he felt at the thought of proposing the plan to his wife. He quite meant to carry it out. He always did have his own way when he had once made up his mind about anything; but he dreaded the nagging, and sighs and groans, and visions of poverty his wife would conjure up when she heard of the plan, and so it was with a troubled, anxious face that he greeted them upon his arrival. Nothing was said about his brother's affairs that night, but the next morning, when breakfast was over, he began:

"My dear, is that room next to Milly's still full of old lumber?"

"Full of old lumber, John! There's the furniture you would not have sold when we came from the old house."

"Ah! to be sure. Well, perhaps it would be better to sell some of it after all, my dear, as you proposed, but you might keep enough to furnish it decently as a bedroom."

"Another bedroom, John! What is that for?"

"Well, my dear, the fact is, poor Bob's affairs are in some confusion. Fanny is going to her own people for a time, and I have asked the girls to come here. They can go to school with Milly, you know."

For answer Mrs. Curtis burst into tears—real tears—for this argued to her nothing less than a total forgetfulness of her interests on the part of her husband, and a cruel desertion of his own children, and she brought out her complaint in a storm of angry sobs and tears.

"Now, Esther, do be reasonable. What less can I do for these poor girls? I wish you could see how broken-hearted they are, poor things."

"But—but you don't consider your own children, John. These girls ought to get their own living."

"Well, perhaps they may, by and by. They might learn to teach something themselves, but they are not fit for that yet."

By degrees Mrs. Curtis grew more calm, and then spoke of Augusta Crane, and how greatly she had improved, and how much better she had learned every thing at this convent school.

But at the word "convent" Mr. Curtis took alarm, and declared no child of his should ever go to one; but by degrees his wife managed to persuade him that this prejudice was, after all, very unreasonable, since Augusta had assured her that the most perfect religious liberty was allowed to the girls.

"Well, my dear, I don't know much about this matter, certainly, but I have always heard that this education plan is entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, and—"

"But, my dear, Augusta Crane has been there a whole year, and she must know how everything is managed by this time. It is not as though the Cranes were Catholics either; they always go to the Methodist Episcopal Church, you know."

"Yes, Crane is all right in that direction. Well, I will think about it."

"And I will write to Mrs. Robert Curtis to-morrow, and tell her the girls are going to school near New York, and Milly can pick up Amy and Florence on her way instead of their coming on here."

"Very well, my dear," and Mrs. Curtis knew the battle was won, and she might commence her preparations for Milly's departure. It was very grand, she thought, to send her daughter to school with a young lady who kept her own maid—a French maid, too—for Augusta had brought one home with her from school, and as soon as Annette heard that Milly was to go back with them she most obligingly offered to help Mrs. Curtis and her daughter in their preparations whenever her young mistress could spare her, and Augusta being quite willing to do this, Annette often found her way to Mrs. Curtis', and contrived to make herself so useful and so necessary to that lady that Mrs. Curtis took it into her head she must keep a maid to do her hair and trim her hats and alter her dresses. She could afford to do it, she argued, for Annette would more than save her wages in dress-maker's bills, if only she could secure somebody as handy as Annette for the same wages Augusta paid her.

The obliging maid promised to make enquiries when she returned to the convent. They had an orphan school, she said, distinct from the ladies' school, and it might be that one of the girls educated there, as she had been, would be glad to take Mrs. Curtis' situation, unless Augusta would be willing to change maids when she got back, which Mrs. Curtis thought was very unlikely.

So the affair was settled, that a maid should be sent on approval, if one could be found. Just before they left, however, Mrs. Curtis heard that Mrs. Crane was likewise in want of a maid, and wished Annette to stay with her, but Augusta declared she could not travel without her help, but she would send her back to her mother, if possible, if she could get another to take her place.

Meanwhile, the news had reached Amy and Florence Curtis that they were to go with their cousin to a convent school, and it caused them no small surprise at first. Their aunt's letter had been very quickly followed by one from their uncle, telling them that a school in the neighborhood of New York had been so strongly recommended by a young lady who had spent a year there, that he had decided to send his own daughter and he wished them to go with her. They would be company for each other, he said, and the three together might mutually help each other if there should be any religious difficulty, which he did not anticipate, however, as he had been assured that the most perfect liberty was allowed in this matter.

The widow herself seemed too much overcome with grief to feel either surprise or alarm at anything that was proposed; and Florence, the younger daughter, was almost as broken-hearted as her mother.

Amy, however, who had always in some sort been a little mother to her sister, although only a year older, at once began discussing the plan with all its advantages and disadvantages.

"Look here, Florie, we shall have a capital chance for getting on with our music. I have always heard they take no end of pains with music at these convent schools, and if we can only become proficient in that, we might teach by and by, and keep mamma like a lady."

"Yes, my dear; I am very glad you will have a chance to learn properly now. I have no doubt your uncle has made every enquiry or he would not send your cousin so far away from home—for a whole year, too."

"Yes, mamma, I dare say he has; but still I don't like that part of it, Fancy being a whole year without going to church."

"Without going to church! what do you mean, Amy? Your uncle says there is perfect religious liberty."

"Yes, I know, but still I don't believe that means that we shall be allowed to go to our own church or Sunday-school."

"My dear, if I thought—but no, I am sure your uncle has quite satisfied himself upon this point, or your cousin would not be going there, and so I shall make myself quite easy about this matter, only you must write to me very often, both of you."

"Oh yes, mamma, and you must write to us every week, at least," said Florence. "And tell us all about the church you go to, and the Sunday-school. I wonder whether they are the same in the South as here!" added Amy.

"I have no doubt they are, and if you do not go to Sunday-school yourselves, you might get a little class together and study the very same lessons as they are studying everywhere else."

"Oh, so we might, Amy; we will get as many of the International Lesson papers as we can before we go and mamma can send them on to us afterward."

"Oh yes, do, mamma, and all the notes you can get as well. That was a good thought of yours, Florie, and we can learn the Golden Text for every Sunday, as well as you, mamma. O, that will be nice." And Amy skipped round the room in the relief she felt at having discovered something that might be a fair substitute for her own much-loved Sunday class.

"My dear, you must write and tell me everything about this convent school. I wish I could stay here a little longer, just to know how things are going on."

"O, things will go on beautifully now I have thought of our Sunday-school lessons," said Amy, anxious to allay the fears she had herself aroused.

"I hope they will let you all go to church—to some Protestant Church, I mean."

"Well, perhaps they will if there are a lot of Protestant girls there. At all events, they cannot make Catholics of us while we have our Sunday-school papers to remind us of things; so be sure you don't forget, mother, to send us lots and lots—everything you can get hold of that will explain the lessons to us, for fear we should have no other teacher."

Mrs. Curtis gave the required promise, and proposed that they should go that very afternoon to the bookstore and buy what they could at once in the way of books and papers, that they might be ready for packing.

There was not much preparation needed beyond the purchase of a few more articles of under-clothing, for their dresses were all new, and would last them for some months, at least, if not the whole year. But Mrs. Curtis, who was to start for Richmond the day after her children left her, had visits to pay to old friends, and business matters to settle that occupied her time and attention so much, that thoughts of the difficulties in the way of her girls at this convent school soon passed from her mind—for the present, at least.

It had been arranged that Mr. Curtis should bring Milly the day before that on which she was to arrive at school, that the cousins might become acquainted before going among strangers. Augusta Crane and her maid, Annette, who were travelling with them, were to stay at a hotel in the city during this time, for Mr. Curtis was not sufficiently taken with Augusta to propose taking her with them to his sister-in-law's, and when Milly saw what a small house her aunt lived in, she was very glad Augusta had not been invited.

She was quite prepared to like her cousins from her father's description of them, but she was not going to give herself up exclusively to them. Augusta Crane should be her chosen companion and dear friend, she was resolved, although Augusta had given some signs on their journey of not being specially desirous of her company. She told Amy at once of this dear friend who kept a lady's maid to attend her, even at school, and Amy being duly impressed by the unusual grandeur of her cousin's friend, Milly became even more friendly and confidential, and suggested that they should try and get rooms near each other. She had heard that the rules of the convent were that two young ladies should have a bed room between them. She hoped to share Augusta Crane's, of course,

is often a difficult matter, and then by and by we shall find it easier to yield obedience to other things just as hard to understand, but which the Church may direct us to do."

"Amy, don't you think if we always looked at the rules in this way, as being done to please God, we should find them easier to keep?" whispered Florie.

"Yes, dear, I think we should; but I am not sure whether the obedience that is required of us is true obedience or not."

"Can you really doubt whether you ought to obey those who are set over you?" asked Miss Gladding, in surprise.

"O what a fuss you make about this obedience!" said Milly; "of course we must obey the rules while we are here—at least where there is no chance of breaking them," she added, glancing at the two sisters who still kept watch over them. "But now let us talk about something else. Tell us about the music, Florie. I've often heard about nuns' singing. Is it really so very beautiful!"

"Beautiful! it is heavenly," said Miss Gladding.

"Yes, that it is," said Florie. "I sat and listened until the tears came into my eyes. O Milly, I wish you could have heard it; it seemed to carry you right up, and make you forget everything and everybody."

"Well, that is worth going to church for," said Milly, musingly.

"I don't think so," said Amy, decidedly. "We go to church to worship God, not to enjoy a concert."

"Did you worship God in the corridor?" asked Miss Gladding, sneeringly.

"I tried to do so," replied Amy.

"O Amy do come to chapel next Sunday; I'm sure it cannot be wrong, and it is so much better than standing in that horrid corridor."

"I think I shall come just to hear the music; I do like good music, and I've heard so much about nuns' singing that I should like to hear them once," said Milly.

"If you hear our music once you will certainly want to hear it again—all of you," said Miss Gladding.

"Thank you for the warning, I will not come once," said Amy, decidedly.

"Are you so afraid of it, then? do you think it's like the fabled music of the sirens that drew the sailors on to the rocks?" laughed Milly.

"Well, yes, it may be something like that to some people; it might be to me, and Florie, too, I think. Promise me, dear, you will not go again," she added in an earnest whisper.

Florie looked from her sister to her friend. "I cannot, Amy dear," she faltered; "for I have promised Esther that I will go once more at least. She said I could not judge fairly, going only once."

At this moment the bell rang, and Miss Gladding took care to lead Florie away before another word could be said. Amy looked after her sister, feeling very sad, and wondering what she could do, what she ought to do; whether there was any possibility of informing her mother of the mischief that had already begun to work.

(To be continued.)

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

When little Tom Macaulay was about four years old, he was taken by his father to call upon Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill, and there an awkward servant spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was very sorry indeed, and after a while asked him if he felt any better.

"Thank you, madam," said the small gentleman, "the agony is abated."

I do not expect you, my dear children, to use words so quaint as those which were quite natural to young Macaulay, but I should be glad if you would try to have equal politeness. Politeness is simply the highest form of unselfishness, and the finest manners spring from a fine heart. There is a difference between manner and manners, which I think you can understand. Manner is the expression of a person's character, and manners are the person's every-day dress. One may have at the same time an awkward manner, and polished manners, contradictory as it seems to say so. The only way to be sure of having both in perfection is to begin when you are young, and practise self-control in your life at home. There are certain rules to which courteous people conform in society, and these you can easily learn, partly by asking, partly by obedience, and partly by observation. Conventionality is a long word, and some good men and women affect to despise it; but it is, on the whole, very convenient, and life is far more agreeable where people are governed by its good order and system than where they act independently and brusquely.

I beg your pardon for giving you a hint about two or three common usages which you know of, but sometimes forget. Lewis was passing hurriedly through the dining-room yesterday, when his aunt Carrie spoke to him. He did not hear precisely what she said, so he stood in the doorway and said, "What, ma'am?" "I beg pardon," would have been more elegant there. But when he entered mamma's chamber, where she and sister Sue were having a confidential chat, if he wished to interrupt the talk for a moment, the right thing to say would have been, not "I beg pardon," but "Please excuse me."

Bessie came down to breakfast one morning lately, and at once seated herself, and began to drum on the table with her spoon. Nothing could have been ruder, and I was surprised, for I had thought Bessie a well-bred child. She ought to have waited until the family had assembled, and then she should not have taken her place until mamma was ready to sit down.

But when Clara was visiting at the Stanleys' she really tried to be very polite, and she made one mistake—one, indeed, which older people often make. Mrs. Stanley helped her bountifully to pudding, and she passed it along to her next neighbor. She ought to have retained it herself, as it was meant for and apportioned to her.

Rob Hartt has two or three friends staying a few days at his house, and his sister Agnes finds it a great trial to eat with them, and why? Would you believe that Will Fleming appears at the dinner table without his coat, that Arthur Samson eats with his knife, and that Phil Decker gobbles his soup in the greatest haste, and almost swallows the spoon, instead of taking the soup as polite people do, from the side of the spoon? These boys are honest and faithful at school, but they have not been taught good manners.

The other day I stepped out of a street car, with my hands full of parcels. I was very tired. A boy I know left his playmates, ran up to me, and said, "Aunt Marjorie, I'll help you carry those things." Now was he not kind, and polite too? I think so.—*Harper's Young People.*

TWO AND ONE.

RECITATION.

Two ears and only one mouth have you:
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.
Two eyes and only one mouth have you:
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.
Two hands and only one mouth have you;
And it is worth repeating—
The two are for work you will have to do,
The one is enough for eating.

LIVINGSTONE'S COAT.—Elijah's mantle was a very influential garment, and so was an old coat of David Livingstone. In a recent paper read before the British Geographical Society, Rev. Chauncy Maples, of the Universities Mission in Eastern Africa tells how, at Matoba, he met a native who had on his shoulders an old coat, mouldy, and partially eaten away, but evidently of English make and material. On asking where the coat came from, he was told that it was given him by "a white man who treated black men as his brothers, whose words were always gentle, and whose manners were always kind; whom, as a leader, it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men." It proved to be Dr. Livingstone's coat, and this was the rude African's description of the great missionary explorer. He had kept the coat for ten years in memory of the giver. The incident reveals not only the character of Livingstone, but also that of the African. These savages have hearts, and men should find the way to them.

A CLEVER RAVEN.

Happening to spend a few weeks last summer at a picturesque village among the mountains of Northumberland, in company with a friend I made a very interesting acquaintance in the shape of a tame raven.

The owner of this bird, a small farmer in the neighborhood of the village, lives in a cottage by the highway; and during the day Ralph usually occupies a strong cage outside the cottage whence from his perch he surveys all passers-by with an expression of composed scrutiny.

My friend and I were at first sight attracted to him by his unusually large size, and the beautiful hues of his rich plumage, the green on his back and the purple about his throat relieving the deep black of the rest of the body charmingly. My friend happened to have some biscuits in her bag, one of which she offered him. He took it immediately, threw it on the bottom of the cage, and pounded it almost to powder with his bill before eating it. It is known that ravens cannot digest hard or tough substances, and nature had taught this one how to prepare such for his own use; for, as we were subsequently told, he had been taken from the parental nest when only four days old, and therefore could have learnt no lesson there.

Bread crusts or tough cakes he steeps in his water-dish till quite soft, before swallowing them.

We often afterward amused ourselves by giving Ralph food when we walked that way. One day my friend took him a slice of plum pudding in paper that we might see whether he liked it. The pudding crumbled into very tiny bits in the paper, and my friend was rather at a loss how to lay it in the cage; for as Ralph's habit was to snatch, and his bill was a formidable one, handing the bits to him was out of the question. "I'm afraid you'll bite me," said she. "Throw it, throw it," said the bird, eying the dainty eagerly. She obeyed him, and he caught each morsel very cleverly, but as we did not know that he could speak our amazement may be imagined.

We tried, but in vain, on succeeding days to make him say something else. We heard in the village that he was famed for his powers of speech, but seldom exhibited them to strangers, to whom he was inclined to be rather fierce. At length one afternoon, happening to pass him alone, I gave him a biscuit. I had only one in my pocket on that occasion, so when he had eaten that I wished him good day. But hardly had I left him when he called after me, "Come back! come back to poor Ralph," slowly, but with clear articulation, and in tones wonderfully like those of the human voice. I walked back and showed him empty hands. "Oh, poor Ralph," said the creature, with a most amusing air of chagrin.

The pertinence of Ralph's utterances, when he chose to make any, struck me as so remarkable that I called that evening on his master to make some enquiry regarding his training and acquirements.

He had been corrected with a light whip when young, the man said, for any mischievous tricks he showed. But as to talking, that he had taught himself by much patient practice usually early of a morning; and by observing what the family said and did in certain circumstances he had learnt to understand human language to about the same extent as an intelligent dog.

"He knew quite well that 'Come back' would make you turn, ma'am. When I am on my farm I let him fly about with me. He keeps pretty close to me and seems frightened of being lost or taken away. Sometimes he perches on the telegraph post at the end of the cottage, and calls to people passing to come back, and then he laughs heartily, just as a person would do, when they turn. I have seen men very angry at this trick till I pointed to Ralph as the culprit. Then they were delighted; but, unluckily, he is always quiet when he is noticed. I have had him seven years, but I have never managed to teach him to speak when we want to hear him. But he comes to call like a dog."

So saying, the man opened the back kitchen door, and called out, "Here, Ralph!" Ralph had gone to roost, but he flew into the room immediately, disturbing all the drapery by the movements of his huge wings. He perched on his master's shoulder, looking very sleepy, answered some caressing expressions by rubbing his head against his master's cheek, and flew away again on being told to go to bed.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

Question Corner.—No. 6.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. Where did Noah's ark rest after the flood?
62. From what place was the wood brought that was used in the building of Solomon's Temple?
63. What was the name of the ridge of mountains from which Moses saw the promised land?
64. What was the name of the peak on which he stood?
65. Which of the judges led the people against the Midianites and defeated them?
66. What king of Israel with his son were slain upon mount Gilboa?
67. What mountain was the scene of a test between a prophet of God and a large number of false prophets?
68. Where is this mountain situated?
69. What was the form of government called that was in force during the time of the judges?
70. Who was the last of the judges?
71. On what mountain was Solomon's temple built?
72. On what mountain did Moses see the burning bush?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A book of the Old Testament which gives the history of a woman who left her country and the worship of idols, and by her marriage in the land of Judea became the ancestor of the royal family of David.
2. Another book of the same Testament which records the life of one who was left in orphanage when a child, and adopted by her uncle (a captive Jew of the family of Saul), and afterwards became the wife of one of the most distinguished of the monarchs of the East.
3. A book of prophecy which treats of a youth who was carried among other captives to Chaldea, who was early distinguished for his piety and wisdom, and was ultimately raised to an exalted station in the Court of the king of Babylon.
4. The prophecy of one who was carried into captivity with Jehoiachin, king of Judah.
5. A historical book of the Old Testament written by a priest and scribe who was succeeded by Nehemiah in his government of Judea.
6. The book written by the last of the inspired prophets under the old dispensation.
7. Book written by a king of Israel.
8. A book of the New Testament which contains a communication direct from Jesus to one of His disciples, a prophetic history of the church to the end of time.

These initials compose a name or title of Christ, used both in the Old and New Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

37. At the age of twenty-five years. Num. viii. 24.
38. At fifty years of age. Num. viii. 25.
39. Two hundred and fifty. Num. xvi. 2.
40. Thirty-two kings. 1 Kings xx. 1.
41. Ahab. 1 Kings xx. 11.
42. When Benhadad boasted of his innumerable army. 1 Kings xx. 10.
43. Five. Gen. xlviii. 2.
44. By feigning madness. 1 Sam. xxi. 13, 15.
45. Gath—Achish. 1 Sam. xxi. 10.
46. David. 2 Sam. viii. 2.
47. In the reign of Jehoram, son of Ahab. 2 Kings iii. 4, 5.
48. Shamgar, the third of the Judges of Israel. Judges iii. 31.

HIDDEN VERSE.

As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.

April 9, 1882.] Mark 6: 14-29.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

14. And King Herod heard of him; (for his name was spread abroad:) and he said, That John the Baptist was risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.

15. Others said, That it is Elias. And others said, That it is a prophet, or as one of the prophets.

16. But when Herod heard thereof, he said, It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead.

17. For Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife: for he had married her.

18. For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife.

19. Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him; but she could not:

20. For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

21. And when a convenient day was come that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;

22. And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

23. And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom.

24. And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist.

25. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

26. And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.

27. And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in the prison,

28. And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel: and the damsel gave it to her mother.

29. And when his disciples heard of it they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth."—Ps. 37: 12.

TOPIC.—Dying for the Truth.

LESSON PLAN.—1. HEROD'S CONSCIENCE. 2. JOHN'S FAITHFULNESS. 3. JOHN'S MARTYRDOM.

Time.—March or April, A.D. 29, soon after the last lesson. Place.—Machærus, on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—Three Herods are mentioned in the New Testament. The first was Herod the Great, who was king of Judæa when Jesus was born, and who murdered the little children of Bethlehem. Matt. 2. The second was Herod the tetrarch—Herod Antipas, the son of Herod the Great; this is the Herod spoken of in this lesson. The third comes to notice in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. He belonged to a later generation. Our lesson tells us how Herod Antipas came to put to death John the Baptist. Parallel passages, Matt. 14: 1-12; Luke 9: 7-9.

I. HEROD'S CONSCIENCE.—(14-16.) V. 14. KING HEROD—he ruled over Galilee and Peræa. HEARD OF HIM—the fame of Jesus was now spread throughout all the country by his preaching and miracles. HE SAID—his conscience smote him: he remembered that he had wickedly put John to death. While others thought Jesus might be the expected Elijah or one of the old prophets, the conscience-striken king thought the murdered John had risen from the dead. V. 15. ELIAS—the Greek form of Elijah, who was foretold as the forerunner of the Messiah (Mal. 4: 5), and who in a certain sense did reappear in John the Baptist. IT IS A PROPHET—literally, "he is a prophet as one of the prophets"—that is, a prophet like those who have gone before him, but not the Messiah for whom all are waiting. V 16 IT IS JOHN—the very man whom I have put to death.

II. JOHN'S FAITHFULNESS.—(17-20.) V. 17. FOR HEROD HIMSELF—it was done at his command. IN PRISON—in the castle of Machærus, near the north-eastern end of the Dead Sea. HERODIAS' SAKE—she was a granddaughter of Herod the Great. She was first married to Philip, by whom she had a daughter Salome—probably the one who danced and pleased Herod. Herod Antipas divorced his wife and persuaded Herodias to leave her own husband and live with him. V. 18 JOHN HAD SAID—boldly and faithfully reproved him. V. 19. HERODIAS HAD A QUARREL—more literally, "held herself against him." V. 20. HEROD FEARED JOHN—he knew him to be a good man, and feared because he had unjustly put him in prison. OBSERVED HIM—rather, "kept him," saved him from the malice of Herodias. He did many things that John advised, but he would not change his wicked life.

III. JOHN'S MARTYRDOM.—(21-29.) V. 21. A CONVENIENT DAY—a day suitable for the purpose of Herodias. She watched her opportunity to obtain by device the death of her enemy. V. 22 DANCED—not with others, but alone, like the trained dancers of the theatre. V. 23. HE SWARE UNTO HER—a foolish and wicked oath made under the influence of excitement and wine. V 25. BY AND BY—immediately. CHARGER a large flat dish like the modern waiter. V. 26. THE KING WAS EXCEEDING SORRY—but the company at the table insisted that his oath should be kept. V. 27. IMMEDIATELY—if he had waited until the excitement of his drunken revelry had passed off, he might have been saved the commission of such a crime. An executioner was sent at once to the prison, and John was beheaded. His head was brought to the daughter of Herodias, who gave it to her mother. His body was probably thrown out of the castle, as was common with the bodies of criminals. His followers gave it affectionate burial.

TEACHINGS:

1. Beware of doing wrong, for a guilty conscience is a tormentor.
2. Feasting and revelry often lead to crime.
3. The faithful man is faithful in rebuking sin.
4. A bad promise is better broken than kept.
5. Fear of public opinion is a poor substitute for fear of God.
6. It is better to die in a prison for the right than to sit on a throne in wickedness and crime.

REMEMBER that thinking well of the preacher will not take the place of repenting and obeying God's word. Avoid making rash promises; you may be brought into serious trouble by them. Never nourish a grudge against any one.

LESSON III.

April 16, 1882.] [Mark 6: 30-44.

THE FIVE THOUSAND.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 41-44.

30. And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.

31. And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

32. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.

33. And the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him.

34. And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.

35. And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

36. Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?

38. He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

40. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42. And they did all eat, and were filled.

43. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I will abundantly bless her provision. I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. 132: 15.

TOPIC.—The Compassion of Christ.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THOUGHTFULNESS FOR HIS DISCIPLES. 2 COMPASSION FOR THE PEOPLE. 3. PROVISION FOR THE HUNGRY.

Time.—April, A.D. 29. Place.—A desert place belonging to Bethsaida Julias (Luke 9: 10), not far from the entrance of the Jordan into the Sea of Galilee, and east of it.

HELPS TO STUDY

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus now returned to Capernaum, and the twelve came to him there. The people flocked to him, bringing their sick to be healed. With thoughtful care for the twelve, who needed rest, he crossed the Sea of Galilee with them to a solitary place not far from the city of Bethsaida. But when they landed they found the multitudes had passed round the head of the lake by the shore, and were waiting for them there. How the loving heart of Jesus overflowed with compassion for them, and how he provided for their wants, we learn from our lesson to-day. Parallel passages, Matt. 14: 13-21; Luke 9: 10-17; John 6: 1-14.

I. THOUGHTFULNESS FOR HIS DISCIPLES.—(30-32.) V. 30. THE APOSTLES GATHERED—they had been away in the work to which he had sent them. V. 31. HE SAID UNTO THEM—he saw that they were wearied by their continued labors, and proposed that they should go to a quiet place where they could get the rest which the multitudes would not give them there. V. 32. A DESERT PLACE—a solitary, uninhabited region. This was at the south-eastern corner of the plain of Butaih, not far from Bethsaida.

II. COMPASSION FOR THE PEOPLE—(33, 34.) V. 33. RAN AFOOT—it would take a rapid walk of about three hours from Capernaum to reach the place. V. 34. MOVED WITH COMPASSION—this throng, of course, put an end to all plans for privacy and rest. Jesus would not refuse the eager crowd. He spake unto them of the kingdom of God and healed those that had need of healing. Luke 9: 11.

III. PROVISION FOR THE HUNGRY.—(35-44.) V. 35. WHEN THE DAY WAS FAR SPENT—most of the people had been all day without food, and they showed no inclination to depart. The disciples, having no supply for them, asked their Master to send them away. V. 37. TWO HUNDRED PENNYWORTH—about thirty dollars, or, as money was then worth nearly ten times what it is now, three hundred dollars. But they had no such funds on hand; and if they had, it would only be a crumb apiece. V. 38. FIVE (loaves) AND TWO FISHES—a scant supply even for thirteen men if they were hungry. For five thousand how absurd! But this was the plan of Jesus. He was going to feed all these men from this small supply. V. 40. IN RANKS—literally "by plats," like garden-beds; in groups, for convenience in distribution V. 41. BLESSED—after giving thanks he multiplied the little store; so that this great crowd had all they wanted, and to spare. V. 43. TWELVE BASKETS—more was left than there had been at first. There were three reasons for the command "Gather up the fragments"; (1) to discourage waste and teach economy; (2) to provide for future want; (3) to keep for a while in their sight the substantial memorial of the miracle.

TEACHINGS:

1. We lose nothing by following Jesus.
2. A desert with Christ is better than a palace without him.
3. He cares for those that follow him
4. He suits his blessings to the wants of his people.
5. Dividing our blessings with other often multiplies them to ourselves.

REMEMBER that you have more need of the bread of eternal life than of any earthly good. As you pray for daily food—"the meat which perisheth"—seek with even greater earnestness for the bread that came down from heaven. "He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." John 6: 58.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

A young man went one evening to consult his minister respecting the situation which he filled in a large drapery establishment. His master required him to tell falsehoods about the goods, and to cheat the customers whenever he could do so, and his conscience told him that this was wrong. His minister advised him to refuse to act thus dishonestly.

"I shall lose my place," said the young man.

"Then lose your place; don't hesitate a moment."

"I engaged for a year, and my year is not out."

"No matter; you are ready to fulfil your engagement. But what was your engagement? Did you engage to deceive, to cheat and lie?"

"Oh no, not at all."

"Then certainly you need have no hesitation through fear of forfeiting your place. If he sends you away because you will not do such things for him, you will know him to be a bad man, from whom you may be glad to be separated."

"I have no place to go to, and he knows it."

"I would go anywhere, do anything, dig potatoes, black boots, sweep the streets for a living, sooner than yield to such temptation."

"I don't think I can stay there; but I don't know what to do or where to look."

"Look to God first, and trust in Him. Do you think He will let you suffer, because out of regard to His commandments you have lost your place? Never. Such is not His way. Ask Him to guide you."

The young man acted upon the advice given. He was dismissed from his situation, but he found another, where he established a character of integrity and promptness, and entered afterward into business for himself. He prospered and is now a man of extensive property and high respectability.—*The Welcome.*

A LITTLE BETTER.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER has as many subscribers as last year, but no more. We should like to double the list and have one hundred and twenty thousand instead of sixty thousand. Who will help us? Let whoever will send his or her name on a post card and we shall send sample copies and a prize list. Every worker can get a book for two or three new subscribers.

ABOVE A THOUSAND.

The boys and girls will be interested to learn that they have sent us one thousand one hundred and sixty-seven stories in competition for the prizes. They have given the editor a much heavier task than he had any idea of when he offered the prizes. But it is a pleasant one. It is wonderful how much genius is shown in the stories sent in, and how many are first class. No doubt all are anxious to read the names of the winners and their stories. We shall try to let them have them next issue. Please do not become too impatient.

FAVORABLE AND UNFAVORABLE.

A gentleman writing from Dunham, Quebec, makes a comparison between the NORTHERN MESSENGER and other papers. He says:—"I supply my children also with the *British Workman, Cottager and Artisan, Friendly Visitor, Herald of Mercy*—the three former incomparably better printed and illustrated than your wretched looking NORTHERN MESSENGER, and yet my children will leave all the others and pounce upon the NORTHERN MESSENGER. Sometimes they have quarrelled over it so that I have been obliged to keep it back till I had two NORTHERN MESSENGERS so that I could give them one each. Now, there is nothing to explain their absorbing interest in the NORTHERN MESSENGER except the matter contained. It is a pure case of natural selection." This is very encouraging although hardly complimentary. We know our readers think a very great deal of the MESSENGER because they continue to take it and to work for it. Now we have the last few years made some very great improvements in the MESSENGER. We should like to print it on much better paper but unless we can get paper cheap we cannot give it at the low price we do. Every improvement in our circulation will be returned to our readers in improvements on the paper.

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